

A Fawcett Publication

BIG 52 PAGES

Monte Hale

WESTERN

MARCH

10¢

NO. 46

4

GUN-BLAZING
WESTERN THRILLERS
STARRING TWO-GUN
MONTE HALE

Extra!

GABBY
HAYES



GET A



DAISY

RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

and Get in on the
FUN!

LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLEZINGER, N. Y.

No. 111

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MONTE HALE

and THE DANGER BELL

FORMAL EDUCATION WAS OFTEN NEGLECTED OR EVEN IGNORED IN THE OLD WEST. "THE THREE R'S" MEANT ROPING, RIDING AND ROUNDUP! BUT MONTE HALE, REALIZING THE VALUE OF "BOOK LEARNING," WAS READY TO RISK HIS LIFE TO HELP THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE GET STARTED WHEN MYSTERIOUS AND SINISTER FORCES SEEMED DETERMINED TO STOP IT!

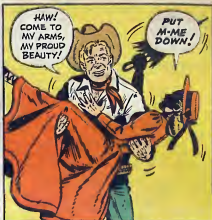
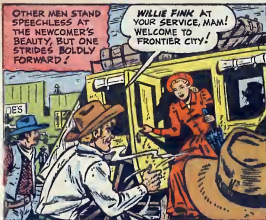
THE ARRIVAL OF THE STAGECOACH WAS ALWAYS A BIG MOMENT IN THE DAILY LIFE OF TOWNS IN THE OLD WEST!

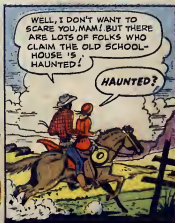
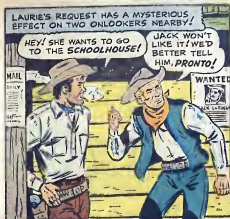
HOTEL

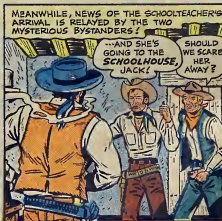
Cat hat hat

AMONG THE PASSENGERS IS A VISION OF LOVELINESS FROM THE EAST!

MONTE HALE WESTERN, Mar., 1950, Vol. 8, No. 46, is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. Entered as second class matter Nov. 28, 1945, at the post office, Greenwich, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Louisville, Ky. Copyright 1949 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Trademark of Fawcett Publications, Inc. Editorial and advertising offices, 67 W. 44th St., N. Y. 18, N. Y. Send remittances and letters concerning subscriptions, change of address, etc., to Circulation Dept., Fawcett PL, Greenwich, Conn. Subscription rate 12 issues for \$1.20 in U. S., possessions and Canada. Foreign, \$1.70 in international money order, U. S. funds. Member Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in U. S. A.







SCARING HER WON'T BE ENOUGH! WE'LL GET RID OF HER OR MY NAME'S NOT JACK LAROGUE!

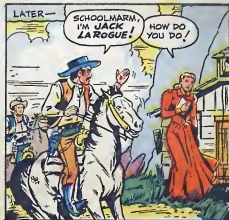


JACK LAROGUE!
ONE OF THE MOST FEARED OUTLAWS IN THE WHOLE WEST! WHY IS HE OPPOSED TO THE RE-OPENING OF A SCHOOLHOUSE THAT'S LITTLE BETTER THAN A SHACK? HOW CAN A FRAIL TEACHER LIKE LAURIE HORN STAND UP AGAINST HIM AND HIS BAND OF CUTTHROATS?

LATER—

SCHOOLMARM, I'M JACK LAROGUE!

HOW DO YOU DO!



I DO AS I PLEASE! AND I PLEASE NOT TO HAVE A SCHOOL HERE! I DON'T WANT ANY BOOK LEARNING AROUND HERE! IT MAKES KIDS SOFT!



SORRY! WHETHER YOU WANT IT OR NOT, I MEAN TO OPEN THIS SCHOOL AND TEACH!

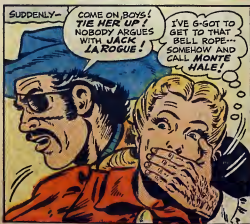
STUBBORN, AREN'T YOU?



SUDDENLY—

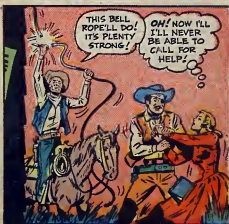
COME ON, BOYS! TIE HER UP! NOBODY ARGUES WITH JACK LAROGUE!

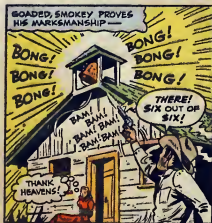
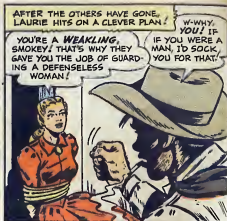
I'VE GOT TO GET TO THAT BELL ROPE—SOMEHOW AND CALL MONTE HALE!

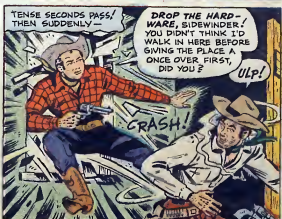
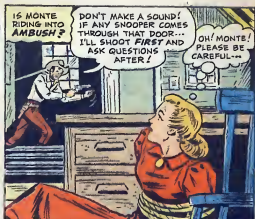


THIS BELL ROPE'LL DO! IT'S PLENTY STRONG!

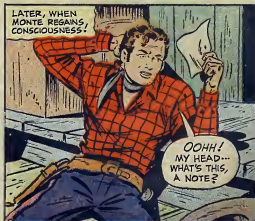
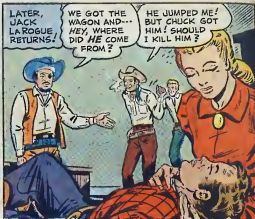
OH! NOW I'LL BE ABLE TO CALL FOR HELP!

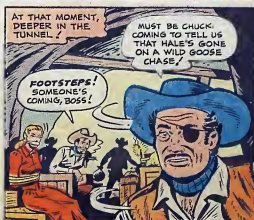
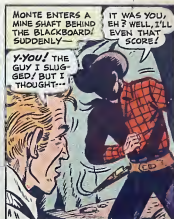


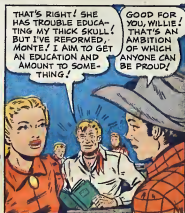
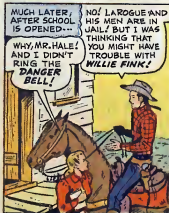
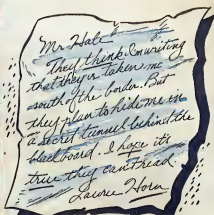
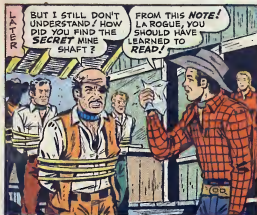




MONTE HALE WESTERN







ROCKY LANE

rounds up the Redskins!



ALLAN "ROCKY" LANE, famous cowboy star, rides again in the thrilling new Republic picture "Powder River Rustlers." Be sure to see it at your neighborhood theater.



THAT'S LITTLE BILLY'S PONY-KILLED BY AN ARROW! THE INDIANS HAVE CAPTURED THE RANCH OWNER'S SON.



DIG DIRT, BLACKJACK—THIS INDIAN TRAIL IS STILL WARM!



THEY'RE ALL ASLEEP EXCEPT THE GUARD. QUIET, BLACKJACK, WHILE I CREEP UP ON HIM.



GUESS I KNOW AN INDIAN TRICK OR TWO MYSELF, CHIEF!



ROCKY! AM I DREAMING?

NO BILLY—BUT YOU'D BETTER DUCK! HERE COMES TROUBLE!



Late that night Rocky discovers the Indian camp.



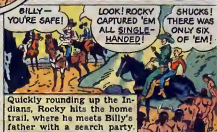
SAVE YOUR BREATH, YOU REDSKINS—OL' ROCKY'S ON THE WARPATH NOW!

The awakened redskins leap to battle, but a half dozen Indians are no match for Rocky and his pair of six-shooters!

BILLY—YOU'RE SAFE!

LOOK! ROCKY CAPTURED 'EM ALL SINGLE-HANDED!

SHUCKS! THERE WAS ONLY SIX OF 'EM!



Quickly rounding up the Indians, Rocky hits the home trail, where he meets Billy's father with a search party.

HOW CAN I REWARD YOU, ROCKY?

JUST GIVE ME ANOTHER CARNATION MALTED, BOSS!

DRINK UP. CARNATION MALTS ARE EASY TO MAKE!

ME, TOO—THIS TASTES SWELL!



CARNATION MALTED MILK GIVES YOU REAL HE-MAN ENERGY! ASK MOM TO GET A JAR. SEE WHAT A CINCH IT IS TO MAKE SWELL-TASTIN' PROFESSIONAL 'MALTS' RIGHT AT HOME!



Chocolate or Natural Flavor

GABBY HAYES

and "The
CUCKOO
CROOKS"

GABBY HAYES, EMINENT RANCH FOREMAN AND FREE LANCE CRIME-CHASER, IS HAVING A FRIENDLY GAME OF CHECKERS WITH HIS FRIEND, BOOKINS IN THE TOWN SHERIFF'S OFFICE WHEN...SUDDENLY... A TORNADO BLOWS IN! ME, BAD BLOOD BIGGER IN TOWN!

WHERE'S
THE SHERIFF,
KIDDIES?

H-H-HE'S...

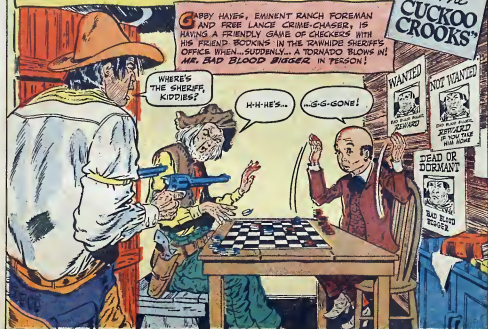
...G-G-GONE!

WANTED
BAD BLOOD BIGGER
REWARD

NOT WANTED
BAD BLOOD BIGGER
REWARD
IF YOU TAKE
HIM HOME

DEAD OR
DORMANT

BAD BLOOD
BIGGER



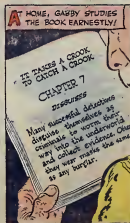
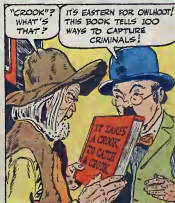
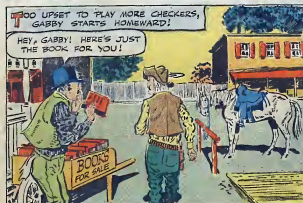
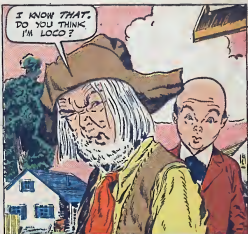
WHEN YOU
SPEAK TO ME,
SAY, "SIR,"
KIDDIES!
HO-HO!



WHEN THE SHERIFF COMES BACK,
TELL HIM HE'D BETTER GET GONE
FOR GOOD! MAKE TRACKS! VAMOOSE!
BAD BLOOD BIGGER AIMS TO TAKE
OVER THIS TOWN AND THERE WON'T
BE ANY ROOM FOR LAWMEN! ADIOS!

GET OFF
ME, BOOKINS,
SO I CAN
DRAW MY
TRUSTY
CANNON!





BY CRICKETY, I'LL GET MYSELF UP AS A MASKED OHLHOOT AND WORK MY WAY INTO BAD BLOOD BIGGER'S OUTFIT!



MEANWHILE, BODKINS HAS ALSO BOUGHT A COPY OF THE SAME BOOK!

I'LL MAKE MYSELF UP LIKE AN OUTLAW AND TURN UP EVIDENCE AGAINST BAD BLOOD BIGGER!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD AT THE EDGE OF TOWN, GABBY AND BODKINS, IN DISGUISE, APPROACH EACH OTHER.

I'LL BET THAT'S ONE OF BAD BLOOD'S BOYS NOW!

I'LL BET THAT'S ONE OF BAD BLOOD'S BOYS NOW!



I'LL PRETEND I'M A PAL, THEN POW HIM!

I'LL FEIGN FRIENDSHIP, THEN FLAIL HIM!



HEY!

GOODNESS!

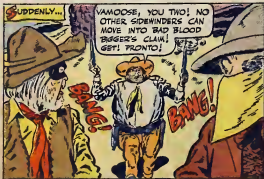


SUDDENLY...

YAMOOSE, YOU TWO! NO OTHER SIDEWINDERS CAN MOVE INTO BAD BLOOD BIGGER'S CLAIM! GET! PRONTO!

BANG!

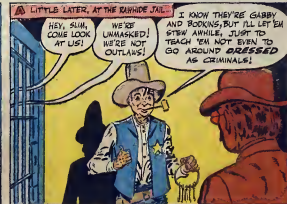
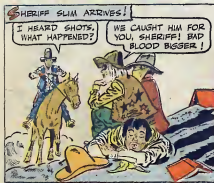
BANG!



BUT YOU SKEDADDLE ON FOOT! I GOT USE FOR THIS FINE BAG OF BONES!

BOONH!





MONTE HALE *and The Saga of One Horn*

Met old **ONE HORN**... the most ornery, rambunctious critter Monte Hale ever had the hard luck to ride herd on! When **ONE HORN** gets together with a gang of ambitious rustlers, fireworks are bound to pop!

THAT'S THE WAY, **ONE HORN**! GET THOSE RUSTLERS!



CHET PALMER'S HERD MOVES SLOWLY OVER THE PRAIRIE!



MONTE, I SURE APPRECIATE YOUR HELPING ME GET MY HERD TO THE RAILROAD!

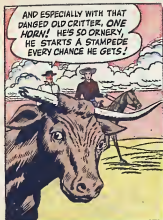


SHUCKS, CHET, THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR ... TO HELP EACH OTHER!

MAYBE SO, MONTE! BUT I HAVE A CONTRACT TO DELIVER THE BEEF TO THE ARMY COMMISSARY ON TIME... AND WITH CATTLE RUSTLERS IN THESE HILLS, YOUR HELP IS MIGHTY WELCOME!



MONTE HALE WESTERN



AND ESPECIALLY WITH THAT DANGED OLD CRITTER, **ONE HORN!** HE'S SO ORNERY, HE STARTS A STAMPEDE EVERY CHANCE HE GETS!



DON'T WORRY, CHET! I KNOW HOW TO RIDE HERD ON SLIPPERY STEERS LIKE **ONE HORN!**

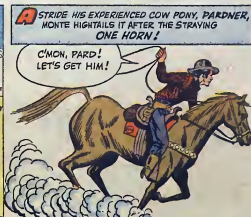


BUT A FEW MILES LATER...



OH-OH! THAT RABBIT SCARED **ONE HORN!** AND THERE HE GOES OVER THE HILL!

YOU STICK WITH THE HERD, CHET! I'LL GO AFTER HIM!



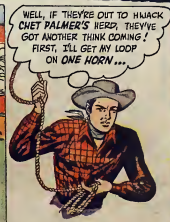
A STRIDE HIS EXPERIENCED COW PONY, **PARDNER**, MONTE HIGHTAILS IT AFTER THE STRAYING **ONE HORN!**

C'MON, PARD! LET'S GET HIM!



BUT AS MONTE TOPS A RISE...

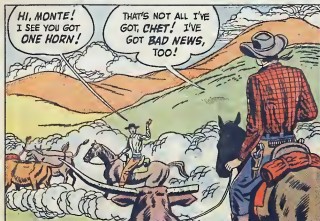
A BUNCH OF RIDERS, WAITING ALONG THE TRAIL! RECKON THEY'RE UP TO NO GOOD!



WELL, IF THEY'RE OUT TO HWACK **CHET PALMER'S** HERD, THEY'VE GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING! FIRST, I'LL GET MY LOOP ON **ONE HORN**...



... AND THEN I'LL HEAD BACK TO CHET AND THE REST OF THE HERD!

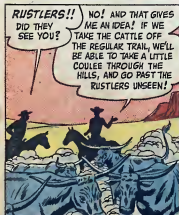


HI, MONTE!
I SEE YOU GOT
ONE HORN!

THAT'S NOT ALL I'VE
GOT, CHET! I'VE
GOT BAD NEWS,
TOO!



WHEN I RODE OVER THE HILL,
I SAW A BUNCH OF GENTS
WAITING ALONG THE TRAIL!
LOOKED TO ME LIKE
RUSTLERS WAITING
TO AMBUSH US!

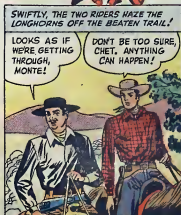


RUSTLERS!!
DID THEY
SEE YOU?

NO! AND THAT GIVES
ME AN IDEA! IF WE
TAKE THE CATTLE OFF
THE REGULAR TRAIL, WE'LL
BE ABLE TO TAKE A LITTLE
COULEE THROUGH THE
HILLS, AND GO PAST THE
RUSTLERS UNSEEN!



GOOD ENOUGH!
I RECKON WE OWE
ONE HORN A DEBT
FOR WARNING US
ABOUT THE OUTLAWS!
LET'S GO!



SWIFTLY, THE TWO RIDERS HAZE THE
LONGHORNS OFF THE BEATEN TRAIL!

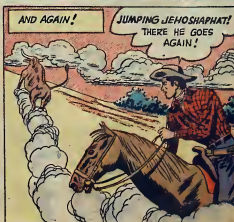
LOOKS AS IF
WE'RE GETTING
THROUGH,
MONTE!

DON'T BE TOO SURE,
CHET. ANYTHING
CAN HAPPEN!



AND IT DOES! A FRIGHTENED PRAIRIE CHICKEN
FLUTTERS UP IN FRONT OF ONE HORN!

MOOOO!



AND AGAIN!

JUMPING JEHOSEPHAT!
THERE HE GOES
AGAIN!

MONTE HALE WESTERN

PARD, LOOKS AS IF WE'VE SIGNED UP FOR A FULL-TIME JOB, JUST TAKING CARE OF ONE STEER! HE COVERS PLENTY OF GROUND!!



BUT AS MONTE'S LASSO WHIPS THROUGH THE AIR...



... HE IS SEEN FROM A DISTANCE!

LOOK, KERRY! UPON THAT HILL -- A WADDY GOING AFTER A STEER!

MUST BE A STRAY FROM THE PALMER HERD! HE WAS DUE ALONG THE TRAIL TODAY!



SO HE THOUGHT HE'D ESCAPE US BY CUTTING THROUGH THE HILLS, EH? LET'S TEACH HIM A LESSON, BOYS!

WE'RE WITH YOU, BOSS!



EEEEEEEEEE. YIPPEE!

FOUR-LEGGED GREENBACKS! LET'S GET 'EM, BOYS!



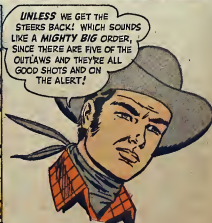
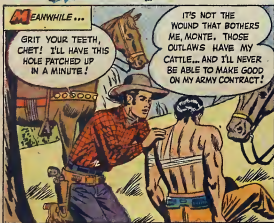
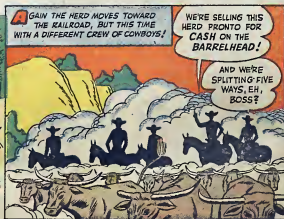
HE LED ME A CHASE, BUT I GOT HIM, CHET!

MONTE! UP ON THE HILL! ... LOOK! THE RUSTLERS HAVE SPOTTED US!



THAT'S RIGHT, PALMER! WE SPOTTED YOU AND WE'RE TAKING OVER YOUR HERD!





OHHH! WINGED ME
IN THE SHOULDER!

MONTE!
I'M FALLING!

STEADY,
CHET! I'VE
GOT YOU!

THEY'RE RIDING OFF
FOR THE TALL TIMBER!
QUICK, BOYS! LET'S GRAB
THE LONGHORNS AND
GET MOVING!

A GAIN THE HERD MOVES TOWARD
THE RAILROAD, BUT THIS TIME
WITH A DIFFERENT CREW OF COWBOYS!

WE'RE SELLING THIS
HERD PRONTO FOR
CASH ON THE
BARRELHEAD!

AND WE'RE
SPLITTING FIVE
WAYS, EH,
BOSS?

MEANWHILE ...

GRIT YOUR TEETH,
CHET! I'LL HAVE THIS
HOLE PATCHED UP
IN A MINUTE!

IT'S NOT THE
WOUND THAT BOTHERS
ME, MONTE. THOSE
OUTLAWS HAVE MY
CATTLE... AND I'LL NEVER
BE ABLE TO MAKE GOOD
ON MY ARMY CONTRACT!

UNLESS WE GET THE
STEERS BACK! WHICH SOUNDS
LIKE A **MIGHTY BIG ORDER**,
SINCE THERE ARE FIVE OF THE
OUTLAWS AND THEY'RE ALL
GOOD SHOTS AND ON
THE ALERT!

BLAST THAT ONE HORN! HE WARNED US ABOUT THE OUTLAWS... BUT AN HOUR LATER, HE WAS THE CAUSE OF OUR BEING SEEN!

THAT'S RIGHT, CHET! HE SURE SCARES EASY! FIRST, A RABBIT'S WHITE TAIL -- AND THEN A PRAIRIE CHICKEN!



WHICH GIVES ME AN IDEA! THERE'S A NARROW SECTION IN THE TRAIL AHEAD... LIKE A BOTTLENECK! IF WE CAN GET THERE A FEW MINUTES AHEAD OF THE RUSTLERS...



...WE CAN RIG UP A SPECIAL LITTLE SURPRISE! I WAS SAVING THIS WHITE SHIRT FOR A TRIP TO TOWN, BUT I RECKON IT'LL DO MORE GOOD HERE!

I DON'T SEE HOW, MONTE, BUT I'M WILLING TO BE SHOWN!



SOON, THE STOLEN HERD COMES ALONG, WITH ORNERY ONE HORN IN THE LEAD!

KEEP 'EM MOVING, BOYS! WE'RE GOING THROUGH A TIGHT STRETCH!



AT THIS MOMENT...

NOW TO DANGLE THE WHITE SHIRT IN FRONT OF THE HERD!



OLD ONE HORN SPIES THE SHIRT, AND...

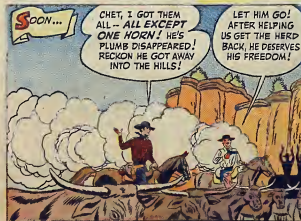
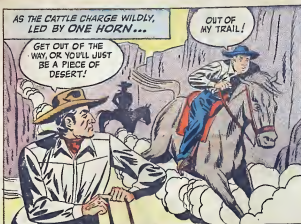
MOOO...OO!



WATCH IT! THE ONE-HORN STEER IS STAMPEDING THE OTHERS!

THEY'RE TURNING BACK ON US! WE'LL BE TRAPPED HERE! RUN FOR IT!





OLD SLICK

**A
HEADY
PROBLEM**

HUH? WHUT'S THE
MATTER WITH YUH,
CHARLIE?

I'M AFRAID I MIGHT GET
ANOTHER SPLITTING HEADACHE
LIKE I HAD YESTERDAY!

AW, STOP FRETTING!
YUH WON'T GET
ANY MORE!

I DON'T KNOW WHY
NOT! I'VE
HAD SEVERAL
ALREADY!

WAL, IF YUH DO,
TAKE A HANDFUL OF
THESE INJUN HERBS!
THEY'LL STOP YORE
HEADACHE!

ARE YUH
SHORE?

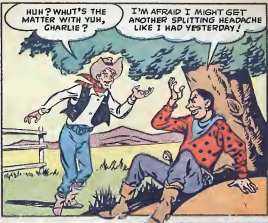
I'M POSITIVE!
THEY'RE VERY
GOOD
HERBS!

AW, I DON'T
BELIEVE YUH! I
DON'T RECKON
THOSE HERBS
WOULD HELP A
HEADACHE
ONE BIT!

OUCH! (GROAN)
MY HEAD! IT'S
ACHING AGIN!

CONK!

NOW YUH CAN PROVE
FER YORESELF THAT THESE
HERBS WILL STOP YORE
HEADACHE!



MONTE HALE



The guitar has long been a favored companion of lone riders on the broad plains! Monte Hale is no exception! Small wonder that the ire of the tall, rambling cowboy is aroused when he encounters a guitar murderer, **THE MUSICAL MADMAN!**

MIDNIGHT, OUTSIDE THE MAGIC LODE MINE OFFICE...

I CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON THE STAGE! IT'S BEEN HELD UP EVERY TRIP!



THIS GOLD DUST HAS TO GET THROUGH OR I'M RUINED!

I'LL GET IT THROUGH OR MY NAME ISN'T...

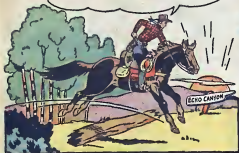


...MONTE HALE!

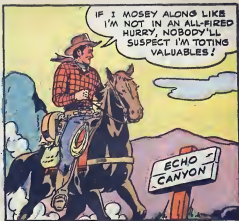


DAYBREAK FINDS MONTE
WELL ON HIS WAY!

WELL, PARDNER,
NOBODY TRIED
TO BUSHWHACK US DURING THE
NIGHT! BUT WE'VE STILL GOT A
RIGHT SMART PIECE TO GO!



IF I MOSEY ALONG LIKE
I'M NOT IN AN ALL-FIRED
HURRY, NOBODY'LL
SUSPECT I'M TOTING
VALUABLES!



RIGHT NOW I'LL TRY
OUT THIS ECHO!

HOWDY!

HOWDY!



LITTLE OLD ECHO,
I WHISPERED "HOWDY,"
AND YOU YELLED IT BACK
LIKE A BIG, OLD RONDY!

PLUNK
PLINK
PLINK
PLUNK



SUDDENLY!

LITTLE OLD...
UP!

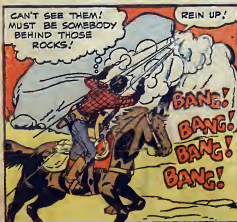
BANG!



CAN'T SEE THEM!
MUST BE SOMEBODY
BEHIND THOSE
ROCKS!

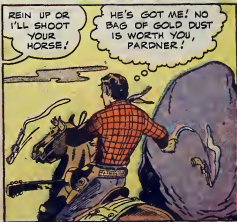
REIN UP!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!



REIN UP OR
I'LL SHOOT
YOUR
HORSE!

HE'S GOT ME! NO
BAG OF GOLD DUST
IS WORTH YOU,
PARDNER!



I THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T WANT ANY HOLES IN THAT, FINE CAYUSE! GET DOWN!

NOW WE'LL JUST SEE IF YOU'VE GOT WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR!

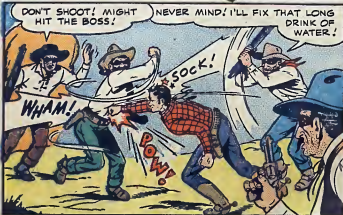
TAKING A DARING CHANCE AGAINST FOUR ARMED MEN, MONTE ATTACKS THE LEADER!



DON'T SHOOT! MIGHT HIT THE BOSS!

NEVER MIND! I'LL FIX THAT LONG DRINK OF WATER!

MONTE'S GAME, BUT OUTNUMBERED!



A MOMENT LATER, MONTE LIES INERT, HELPLESS IN THE DUST, AS THE ATTACKERS MOUNT THEIR HIDDEN HORSES AND RIDE OFF!

PRESENTLY HE RECOVERS, DAZED BUT ANGRY!

WELL, PARDNER, THEY GOT THE GOLD! BUT WE'LL GET IT BACK!



BUT MONTE MEETS A STUNNING SURPRISE!

THE GOLD! THEY DIDN'T TAKE THE GOLD! BUT WHAT DID THEY TAKE??



MY GUITAR! THEY STOLE MY GUITAR!



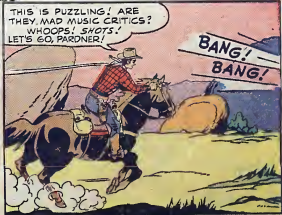
LUCKY THEY DIDN'T PICK UP MY GUNS! WE'LL CATCH THOSE ORNERY VARMINTS! WHOA, WHAT'S THAT, YONDER?



MY GUITAR! THEY BROKE IT TO PIECES! BUT WHY?



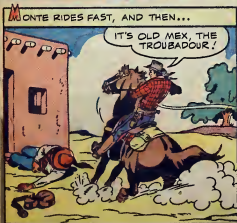
THIS IS PUZZLING! ARE THEY MAD MUSIC CRITICS? WHOOPS! SHOTS! LET'S GO, PARDNER!



BANG!
BANG!

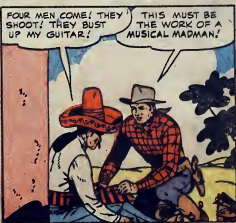
MONTE RIDES FAST, AND THEN...

IT'S OLD MEX, THE TROUBADOUR!



FOUR MEN COME! THEY SHOOT! THEY BUST UP MY GUITAR!

THIS MUST BE THE WORK OF A MUSICAL MADMAN!



AS MONTE RIDES ON...

WHAT?
YOU,
TOO?

FOUR MASKED MEN CAME
AND BUSTED UP MY GUITAR!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!



I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE
BOTTOM OF THIS! I'LL GET
ANOTHER GUITAR AND SEE
IF I CAN DRAW THEM OUT!



BUT... SORRY! I HAVEN'T
A SINGLE GUITAR!
FOUR ARMED MEN CAME
IN A WHILE BACK AND
SMASHED THEM ALL!



THERE'S ONE MORE
CHANCE! I'LL LOOK UP
GIT-FIDDLE FINNIGAN!



SOON... HOWDY, MRS.
FINNIGAN, WHERE'S
GIT-FIDDLE? I
WANT TO BORROW
HIS GUITAR!



HE WAS KILLED IN A GUN
FIGHT, HEAVEN BLESS HIM!
BUT I KNOW YOU'RE THE
ONLY MAN HE'D EVER ALLOW
TO PLAY HIS INSTRUMENT!

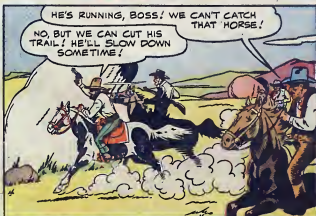
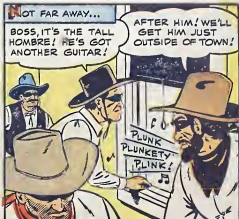
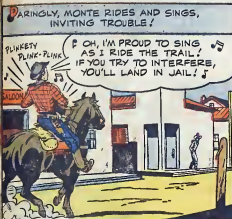


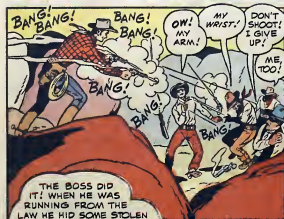
IN MRS. FINNIGAN'S CELLAR...



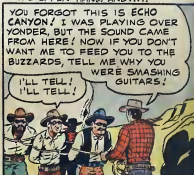
I HID IT HERE!
SOME MEN CAME AND DEMANDED
IT, BUT I TOLD THEM I'D SOLD IT
TO UNCLE'S PAWN SHOP! IT'S MY
ONLY REAL KEEPSAKE OF MY
LATE LAMENTED YOU KNOW!

HMMM!





THE GUN DUEL IS FURIOUS, BUT THIS TIME MONTE'S DEADLY MARKSMANSHIP SOON GIVES HIM THE UPPER HAND, AND....



THE BOSS DID IT! WHEN HE WAS RUNNING FROM THE LAW HE HID SOME STOLEN DIAMONDS IN GIT-FIDDLE FINNIGAN'S GIT-BOX! THEN LATER, MRS. FINNIGAN SAID SHE SOLD THE GUITAR! WE SMASHED ALL THE GUITARS WE COULD FIND, LOOKING FOR THE DIAMONDS!

LATER... HERE'S THE GIT-FIDDLE, MRS. FINNIGAN! AND IT'S FULL OF DIAMONDS! THERE SHOULD BE A BIG REWARD FOR THEIR RETURN! THE SHERIFF'LL BE OUT TO SEE YOU RIGHT SOON!



OH, MONTE! YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY! HALF THE REWARD SHOULD GO TO YOU!

NO, THANKS! IT'S ALL YOURS! I HAVE TO MOSEY ALONG! I'VE GOT SOME BAGS OF GOLD TO DELIVER!



HERE'S YOUR CHANCE
BOYS AND GIRLS...
TWO SWELL PREMIUMS
FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!

BOTH
FOR ONLY
15¢

AND ONE HOT
RALSTON OR INSTANT
RALSTON BOX TOP

BIG
2 FOR 1
TOM MIX
OFFER!

1 Golden-Plastic Bullet Telescope

Be first in your Straight Shooters gang with this new, super-useful good-luck charm!

Powerful Telescope! Sturdy, easy to focus! Distant objects four times larger!

Magnifying Glass! Make things 4 times bigger! Spot fingerprints, counterfeit bills—read pinpricked code messages!

A "Smellifer," Tee! Lots of fun mystifying your friends with magic lens that makes things look 30 times smaller!

Secret Compartment! Plenty of room for secret maps or messages!

2 Magic-Tone Birdcall

Fits snugly inside the Golden-Plastic Bullet Telescope.

Be a leader on hunting and camping trips—use your Straight Shooter Birdcall to imitate all sorts of fowl and wildlife—signal others to meet you!

Use it as a whistle for refereeing or cheering at games— as a trick voice that makes you sound like a human bird!

Send for this exciting pair of premiums today!

USE THIS COUPON

TOM MIX, Box 806-A, St. Louis, Mo.

Deer Tom: Enclosed are 15¢ in cash and one Hot Ralston or Instant Ralston box top. Please send me Tom Mix's Golden-Plastic Bullet Telescope AND Magic-Tone Birdcall.

Name

Address

City State

IMPORTANT: If you don't have a coupon just write your name and address on the back of a Hot Ralston or Instant Ralston box top and mail with 15¢ to Tom Mix. Please do not send stamps. Offer good only in U.S. and may be withdrawn at any time.



MONTE HALE'S

Cowboy Songs



"THE COWBOY'S DREAM"

As
THE COWBOY RODE
HERD ON HIS RESTLESS
DOGIES THROUGH THE LONG
PRAIRIE NIGHTS, HIS THOUGHTS
OFTEN TURNED TO THE "BRIGHT
HAPPY REGION" THAT AWAITED HIM
ON THE FINAL JUDGMENT DAY!
THE SONG BEST TELLING HIS FEEL-
INGS WAS WRITTEN BY CHARLEY
HART OF CLAY COUNTY, TEXAS!
SINCE HART WROTE IT, COWBOYS
ALL OVER THE WEST HAVE ADDED
THEIR OWN VERSES! AND A
METHODIST PREACHER, REV. ABE
MULKEY, CONVERTED MANY
A STRAY RIDER WITH IT
AT TEXAS REVELL
MEETINGS!

THE COWBOY'S DREAM

Last night as I lay on the prairie
And looked at the stars in the sky
I wondered if ever a cowboy
Would roam to that sweet by-and-by.

CHORUS: Roll on, roll on,
Roll on, little dogies, roll on, roll on.
Roll on, roll on,
Roll on, little dogies, roll on.

The road to the bright happy region
Is a dim narrow trail, so they say,
But the bright path that leads to perdition
Is posted and paved all the way.

They say there will be a great round-up,
And cowboys, like dogies, will stand
To be mavericked by the big boss up yonder
Who is posted and knows every brand.

They say he will never forget you,
That he knows every action and look,
So for safety you'd better get branded,
Have your name in his big Tally Book.





BIGGER'N
BETTER
BUBBLES-

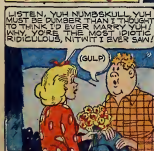
PRICE-
A PENNY
A PIECE-

AN' THE
SQUARE WRAP
KEEPS THE
FUNNIES
FLAT-

1¢



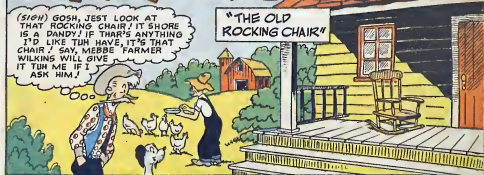
FRANK H. FLEER CORP.
PHILADELPHIA 41, PENNA.



WHITEY WHISKERS

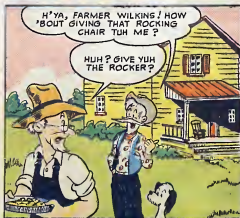
(SIGH) GOSH, JEST LOOK AT THAT ROCKING CHAIR! IT SHORE IS A DANDY! IF THAR'S ANYTHING I'D LIKE TUH HAVE, IT'S THAT CHAIR! SAY, MEBBE FARMER WILKINS WILL GIVE IT TUH ME IF I ASK HIM!

"THE OLD ROCKING CHAIR"



H'YA, FARMER WILKINS! HOW 'BOUT GIVING THAT ROCKING CHAIR TUH ME?

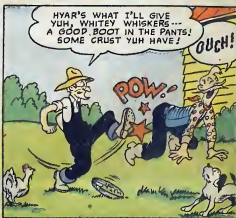
HUH? GIVE YUH THE ROCKER?



HYAR'S WHAT I'LL GIVE YUH, WHITEY WHISKERS... A GOOD BOOT IN THE PANTS! SOME CRUST YUH HAVE!

OUCH!

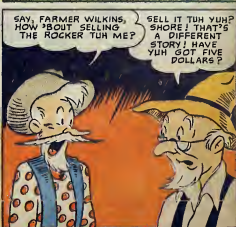
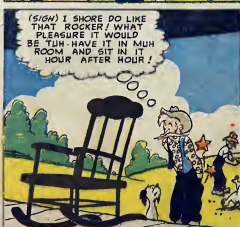
POW!

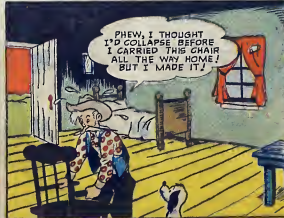
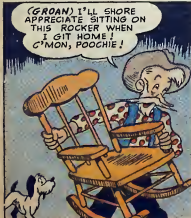
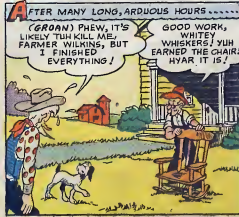
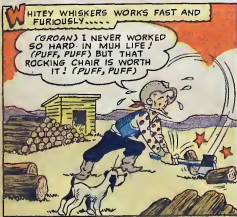
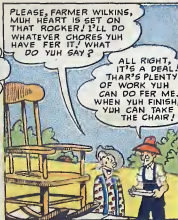


(SIGH) I SHORE DO LIKE THAT ROCKER! WHAT PLEASURE IT WOULD BE TUH HAVE IT IN MUH ROOM AND SIT IN IT HOUR AFTER HOUR!

SAY, FARMER WILKINS, HOW 'BOUT SELLING THE ROCKER TUH ME?

SELL IT TUH YUH? SHORE! THAT'S A DIFFERENT STORY! HAVE YUH GOT FIVE DOLLARS?





(SIGH) I NEVER WUZ SO TIRED IN MUH LIFE! I'M AGONNA SIT DOWN NOW AND FORGIT TUH GET UP TILL TOMORROW, I'LL JEST ROCK MUHSELF TUH SLEEP!



BUT BEFORE WHITEY CAN SIT DOWN.....

HUH? (GULP) THE POOCH JUMPED ON THE ROCKER!



HEY, GET OFF MUH CHAIR! THAT'S NOT FER YUH! IT'S FER ME! GET OFF, I SAY!



YUH WON'T GET OFF, EH? ALL RIGHT, I'LL PULL YUH OFF WITH FORCE!



(GRUNT) I'LL SHOW YUH! (GRUNT) YUH CAN'T---(GULP) I CAN'T BUDGE HIM!

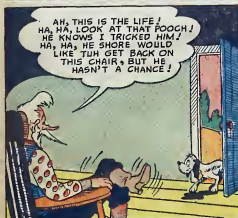
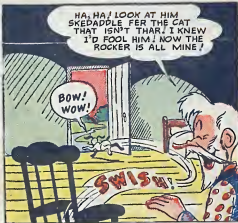


(GROAN) I WORKED SO HARD TUH BE ABLE TUH SIT DOWN AND NOW THE POOCH WON'T LET ME! (GROAN)



(SIGH) WHAT CAN I DO?--WAIT!, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! I'LL FOOL THAT MUTT! I'LL WALK TUH THE WINDOW AND YELL---





DRUMS OF DANGER

A GRAY HAWK Story

By Dick Kraus



YOUNG Gray Hawk, son of the chief of the Otapi tribe, knelt over a hollowed out section of log. Over the end of it, he fitted a carefully tanned deerskin. Binding the deerskin tightly with a leather thong, he tapped the end of the drumhead with his fingers. It gave forth a hollow, muffled sound. Again, he fixed the deerskin on, this time even more tightly.

He tapped the drum again with his fingers, and this time the sound was sharper and clearer.

"Good!" Gray Hawk exclaimed to himself. "It is a fine drum! I will be able to send signals to Running Bear that he will hear over many miles of forest!"

With his sinewy, bronzed hands moving in a practised rhythm, he beat out a message on the drum. Now he struck it with his fingers, now with the side of his hand, then with the heel of his hand.

Suddenly, Gray Hawk looked up as a shadow darkened the ground before him.

It was Red Arrow, an Otapi brave.

"What are you doing with that old log?" Red Arrow asked.

Gray Hawk rose, with the newly fashioned drum in his hands.

"It is a drum for sending messages," he explained. "Running Bear and I have been practising for weeks. Now we can send signals and messages to each other over great distances. I have just made this one—it is my best."

Red Arrow laughed scornfully.

"That toy—a way to send messages?" He shook his head. "It may be—for squaws and children. But in the tribe of the Otapi we send messages by smoke! A good smoke signal can be seen from afar. It is the best way!"

Then he put his hand on Gray Hawk's shoulder.

"Enough of this, Gray Hawk," he said. "Your father has sent me to take you on a scouting mission with me! Word has been received of a herd of deer in the pine forest over Wat-Cha Mountain. Let us go and see if we can find them. If we do, we can return to the village and lead

a hunting party to slay them and bring back much venison!"

Obedient as always, Gray Hawk put down his drum, and followed Red Arrow into the forest. Trotting lithely, they were soon hidden in the deep green recesses of the mountain groves . . .

A few hours later, Red Arrow and Gray Hawk were in the pine forest that lay past the Wat-Cha Mountain. As they moved stealthily through the rows of trees, their keen eyes scanned its gloomy depths for signs of movement or clues to the whereabouts of the herd.

Suddenly, Red Arrow put his hand up.

There, slipping across the glade in front of them, he could see a moving form. But it was not the dappled shape of a deer.

Instead, it was a glistening bronze warrior—and he was followed by another—and another and another!

"Down!" whispered Red Arrow.

BOTH he and Gray Hawk hurled themselves to the ground. Holding their breath, not daring to move an inch, they lay there for seemingly endless moments, while the unknown braves passed within twenty yards of them. As they waited, hugging the ground, a light rain began to fall. Steadily it grew, until, when the last warrior had passed through the trees and was out of sight, the rain was a steady, heavy downpour.

Red Arrow rose to his feet, a powerful hand resting on his sheath knife.

"I did not recognize their markings," he muttered. "But they are a tribe from across the Great River! They wear war paint—and they are heading for our village!"

"You think they are going to attack our people?" exclaimed Gray Hawk. "But we must warn them, Red Arrow!"

The Otapi brave nodded, his fists tightly clenched. "Yes! But it is not possible to outrun the enemy tribe! They are all over the trail, and they must have scouts out. They would

spy us—and slay us if we attempted to reach our village, to warn of the attack! No! I have a better idea . . ."

Quickly he scooped a handful of dry leaves and twigs from under an old log. "Gather firewood," he ordered. "I will build a fire and send smoke signals to warn the tribe."

But the downpouring rain rapidly soaked the tinder Red Arrow had gathered together. When he tried to strike a spark, it went out quickly beneath the great drops. Again he gathered tinder, shielding it with his body. But when he put twigs on it, they were soaked through and would not take the flame!

Again and again Red Arrow tried desperately to start a fire. But it was useless. The heavy rain had made it impossible.

Finally, he looked up, eyes grim with worry. He shook his head.

"It is useless, Gray Hawk! I cannot send smoke signals if I cannot start a fire. But yet we must send a warning somehow to the tribe, that an enemy war party approaches. We must!"

For a moment there seemed to be no hope.

Then Gray Hawk excitedly clutched Red Arrow's arm.

"I have an idea" he exclaimed. "Running Bear and I have been practicing sending messages! He is in the village now, and he would understand me if I sent him a warning—even at this distance!"

"But how can you?" demanded Red Arrow. "You have no drum!"

"No!" nodded Gray Hawk! "But I could make one. See that hollow log there? I could clean it out quickly, and trim the edge of it. And, with my loin cloth stretched across—"

AS RED ARROW watched, amazed, the Indian boy swiftly hollowed out the remaining section of the dead log, and took the bowstring from his bow to bind it tightly around the loin cloth at the end of the impromptu drum. Within a few moments the job was done. Hesitatingly, Gray Hawk struck the taut drumhead with his hand. It gave forth a dull, but loud sound.

"Not as good as my drum at home!" he exclaimed. "But it may work. It is our only chance!"

Squatting on the ground with the drum between his thighs, the son of the chief struck the drumhead smartly with the heel of his hand.

Again he hit it. Then his hands moved into a steady pounding rhythm. Soon the drumhead could be heard echoing through the forest and over the mountain. It was a message of warning—a desperate cry that Gray Hawk prayed his friend would hear and understand!

Through the forest they ran back to the village, when Gray Hawk had finished sending his message. If the enemy warriors from across the Great River had managed to take the village by surprise the result would have been a terrible, brutal massacre!

Over the steep slopes of the Wat-Cha they ran, not daring to stop for breath. When they were only half a mile away, they could hear cries and shouts in the distance.

"Listen, Red Arrow!" cried Gray Hawk! "They are laughing and shouting!"

As Red Arrow and Gray Hawk entered the village, they saw the warriors of the Otapi gathered around a huge campfire, cheering and exulting in the wild victory dance of the tribe. When they saw Gray Hawk a mighty shout went up!

"Here is the one who saved our tribe! He and Running Bear warned us! They are the heroes of the Otapi. Their names will live in legend!"

Red Arrow stopped next to one of the elders of the tribe, an old man who was happily waving a tomahawk above his head.

"Is it really true, Old Fox?" the brave asked. "Was it the warning Gray Hawk sent that saved the tribe?"

The old brave nodded eagerly. "Yes! Running Bear heard the message and told us of it! At first no one would believe—but then we decided it was best to wait in ambush. When the enemy warriors came through the forest, we fell upon them and drove them off! They will never attack us again!"

IN WONDERMENT, Red Arrow shook his head slowly. Then he smiled widely.

"Where is Gray Hawk?" he muttered. "I must find him and make him teach me to use this toy he calls a drum. I might have to send a message again some day—in the rain!"

THE END

GRAY HAWK'S exciting adventures appear in every issue of MONTE HALE WESTERN!

MONTE HALE

in
**THE
DESERT
OF
DEATH!**

VULTURES
---OVERHEAD!
THEY KNOW--
I'M--- DYING
OF THIRST!

MOST CUNNING AND ELUSIVE OF ALL THE OUTLAWS OF THE WEST IS MONTE HALE'S OLD ENEMY --- THE COYOTE! AND WHEN THIS GRAY-GLAD, LIGHTNING-FAST GUNMAN FLEES SAFELY INTO THE GRIMLY-NAMED **DESERT OF DEATH,** IT APPEARS THAT NOT EVEN MONTE HIMSELF CAN TRACK HIM DOWN!

A MATCH IS STRUCK---
AND A FLAME SPREADS!

**FIRE!
HELP!
GET ME OUT
OF HERE!**

**FLAMES!
IN THE
COYOTE'S
CELL!**

I'M
COMING!

IT'S
WORKING!



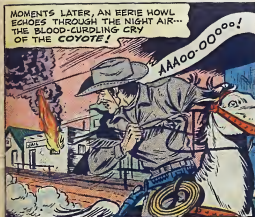
DON'T WORRY, I'LL SAVE YOU, COYOTE!



THERE! IT'S OPEN! YOU--AAGHH!

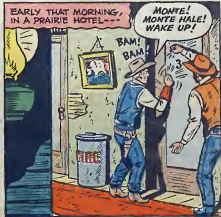


WITH HIS GUN AND THESE KEYS, I'LL BE OUTSIDE! AND THEN...



MOMENTS LATER, AN EERIE HOWL ECHOES THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR... THE BLOOD-CURLING CRY OF THE COYOTE!

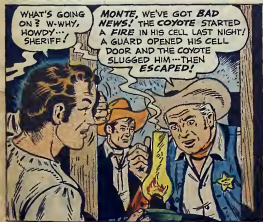
AAAAOO-OOOOO!



EARLY THAT MORNING, IN A PRAIRIE HOTEL---

MONTE! MONTE HALE! WAKE UP!

BAM! BAM!



WHAT'S GOING ON? W-WHY, HOWDY... SHERIFF!

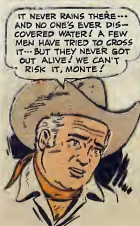
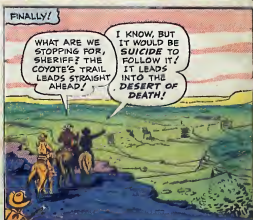
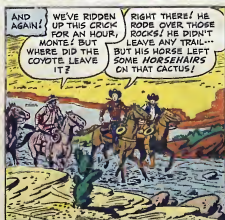
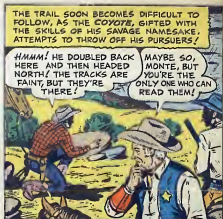
MONTE, WE'VE GOT BAD NEWS! THE COYOTE STARTED A FIRE IN HIS CELL LAST NIGHT! A GUARD OPENED HIS CELL DOOR AND THE COYOTE SLUGGED HIM---THEN ESCAPED!

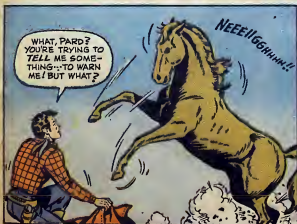
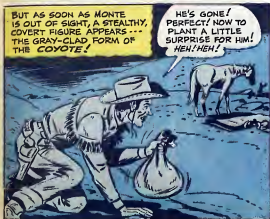


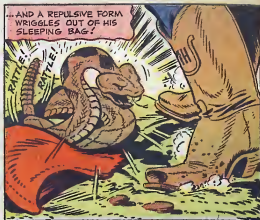
THE COYOTE ON THE LOOSE AGAIN? THAT IS BAD NEWS!

THAT'S WHY WE CAME TO YOU, MONTE! HE'S SUCH A DANGLED SLUPPERY SCOUNDREL---NO ONE'S BEEN ABLE TO ROUND HIM UP, BUT YOU! WILL YOU GO AFTER HIM AGAIN?

AS ALWAYS, WHEN THE LAW NEEDS HELP--MONTE HALE HAS BUT ONE REPLY--YES!!







THE HOURS DRAG BY, AS A
MERCILESS SUN BEATS
DOWN! STILL MONTE HANGS
DOGGEDLY TO THE TRAIL!

THIRST...IS...
TERRIBLE! IF I
COULD ONLY RE-
MEMBER...WHAT
BAJA INDIANS
DRINK ON THE
DESERT...



BARREL CACTUS...THAT'S
IT! THEY GET MOISTURE
FROM IT! THOSE VULTURES
WON'T GET A MEAL
...FOR A WHILE!



NOT
MUCH! BUT
IT'LL HELP
KEEP ME
GOING!



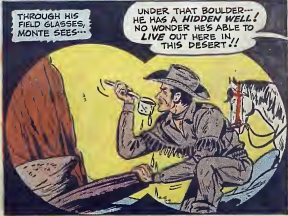
HOURS
LATER!

LOOK!
UP ON THAT
SANDMOUND!
IT'S THE
COYOTE!



THROUGH HIS
FIELD GLASSES,
MONTE SEES...

UNDER THAT BOULDER...
HE HAS A HIDDEN WELL!
NO WONDER HE'S ABLE TO
LIVE OUT HERE IN
THIS DESERT!!

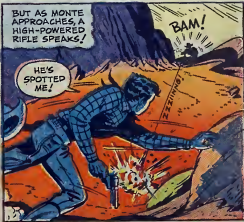


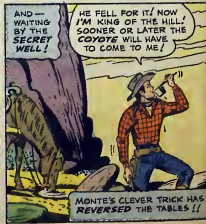
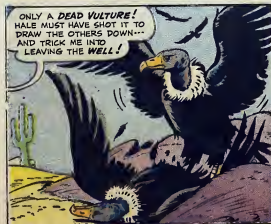
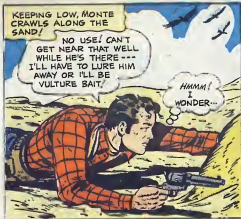
I'VE GOT TO
TRY TO GET
UP THERE...
GOT TO GET
...TO THAT
WATER!



BUT AS MONTE
APPROACHES, A
HIGH-POWERED
RIFLE SPEAKS!

HE'S
SPOTTED
ME!





HE'S UP THERE, BY THE WELL...WAITING FOR ME! BUT I-I WON'T GO UP... I WON'T!



BUT EVEN THE DESERT-WISE COYOTE IS HUMAN! IN TIME SPASMS OF THIRST GRIP HIM! HE FIGHTS THEM UNTIL...

G-GOT TO HAVE WATER... WATER...



GOT TO TRY TO TAKE HIM BY SURPRISE!



THERE HE IS --BY THAT BOULDER! NOW!

BAM! BAM!



I KNEW IF I WAITED HE'D HAVE TO COME FOR WATER! NOW TO FINISH THE JOB RIGHT!

BAM!



BANG!

MY SHOULDER! AAAGGHH!



MISTER, AS SOON AS YOUR SHOULDER'S TIED UP, YOU'RE HEADING OUT OF THE DESERT OF DEATH...AND BACK TO JAIL!



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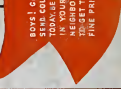


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